NARRATIVE AND LYRIC POEMS

PARTS I and II

FOR

GRADES VII and VIII

SASKATCHEWAN EDITION

TORONTO
THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED

RB158,171

Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
Copp, Clark Pitman Ltd.

a 5. 3 38. 3/7/24

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/narrativelyricpo00unse_0

NARRATIVE AND LYRIC

POEMS

Parts I and II

FOR

Grades VII and VIII

SASKATCHEWAN EDITION

TORONTO

THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED

Copyright, Canada, 1923, by The Copp Clark Company, Limited,
Toronto, Ontario

CONTENTS

PART I.

		PAGE
Hunting Song	*Scott*	1
Tubal Cain	*Mackay*	2
The Three Kings	*Longfellow*	4
King Oswald's Feast	*Lampman*	6
Saint Christopher	*Mrs. Jackson*	8
The Forsaken Merman	*Arnold*	11
Lady Clare	*Tennyson*	16
Rosabelle	*Scott*	19
The Lord of Burleigh	*Tennyson*	21
Winstanley	*Ingelow*	24
Jock o' Hazeldean	*Scott*	31
The Meeting of the Waters	*Moore*	32
To a Skylark	*Shelley*	33
The Builders	*Longfellow*	37
The Battle of Bannockburn	*Scott*	38
The Island of the Scots	*Aytoun*	52
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	*Mrs. Hemans*	60
Chevy-Chace	*Old Ballad*	61
Langley Lane	*Buchanan*	71
The Battle of Hohenlinden	*Campbell*	74
Notes for Part I.		77

CONTENTS—*Continued*

PART II.

		PAGE
The Lady of Shalott	*Tennyson*	1
Sir Patrick Spens	*Old Ballad*	7
King Hacon's Last Battle	*Lord Dufferin*	11
The Norman Baron	*Longfellow*	13
Rain in Summer	*Longfellow*	15
Columbus	*Miller*	18
Hervé Riel	*Browning*	20
The Armada	*Macaulay*	26
The Brook	*Tennyson*	31
To a Mouse	*Burns*	38
Birds at Evening	*Pickthall*	40
Guild's Signal	*Harte*	40
The Three Fishers	*Kingsley*	42
The Battle of Flodden	*Scott*	42
The Burial-March of Dundee	*Aytoun*	52
The Isles of Greece	*Byron*	58
Riding with Allenby	*Scollard*	61
Kitchener	*Morley*	63
Relieving Guard	*Harte*	64
Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale	*Old Ballad*	64
Bruce and De Boune	*Scott*	68
Drake's Drum	*Holland*	71
Lord Ullin's Daughter	*Campbell*	72
The Barefoot Boy	*Whittier*	74
Hart-Leap Well	*Wordsworth*	77
Gradatim	*Holland*	84
Notes for Part II.		87

PART I.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear !
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling ;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk :
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SCOTT.

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork !
Hurrah for the spear and the sword !
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord !"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee;
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !

Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—"Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handicraft !"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made."
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands.
And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he;

And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be;
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THREE KINGS

Three kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere.
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,

The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

LONGFELLOW.

KING OSWALD'S FEAST

The king had labored all an autumn day
For his folk's good, and welfare of the kirk,
And now when eventide was well away,
And deepest mirk,

Lay heavy on York town, he sat at meat
With his great councillors round him and his kin,
And a blithe face was sat in every seat,
And far within

The hall was jubilant with banqueting,
The tankards foaming high as they could hold
With mead, the plates well heaped, and everything
Was served with gold.

Then came to the king's side the doorkeeper,
And said, "The folk are thronging at the gate,
And flaunt their rags and many plaints prefer,
And through the grate

"I see that many are ill-clad and lean,
For fields are poor this year, and food hard won."
And the good king made answer, "'Twere ill seen,
And foully done,

"Were I to feast while many starve without;"
And he bade bear the most and best of all
To give the folk; and lo, they raised a shout
That shook the hall.

And now lean fare for those at board was set,
But came again the doorkeeper and cried,—
"The folk still hail thee, sir, nor will they yet
Be satisfied;

"They say they have no surety for their lives,
When winters bring hard nights and heatless suns,
Nor bread nor raiment have they for their wives
And little ones."

Then said the king, "It is not well that I
Should eat from gold when many are so poor,
For he that guards his greatness guards a lie;
Of that be sure."

And so he bade collect the golden plate,
And all the tankards, and break up, and bear,
And give them to the folk that thronged the gate,
To each his share.

And the great councillors in cold surprise
Looked on and murmured; but unmindfully
The king sat dreaming with far-fixéd eyes,
And it may be

He saw some vision of that Holy One
Who knew no rest or shelter for His head,
When self was scorned and brotherhood begun.
"'Tis just," he said:

"Henceforward wood shall serve me for my plate,
And earthen cups suffice me for my mead;
With them that joy or travail at my gate
I laugh or bleed."

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

(By arrangement with Literary Executor)

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

For many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,

On altar fronts and churches' walls;
And peasants used to say,—
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went;
And on his giant shoulders bore
All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call,—
"O Christopher, come, carry me !"
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
"It must be that I dreamed,"
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry,—
"Oh, come and carry me !"
Again he sprang and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's, soft and weak;

With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found,—a piteous sight,—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.
And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo ! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King,
Until the infant spoke, and said:
"O Christopher, behold !
I am the Lord whom thou hast served.
Rise up, be glad and bold !

"For I have seen, and noted well,
Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good
A token thou shalt see.
Plant firmly here upon this bank
Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then—
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men,—
The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers !

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet !
In a voice that she will know:
'Margaret ! Margaret !'
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way !
'Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.'
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down;
  Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee.'
I said: 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;
'Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say;
Come !' I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd
town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was
still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
'Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book !
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: 'Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward

From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down;
Singing: 'There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee ?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd !" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild ?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith ?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

LORD TENNYSON.

ROSABELLE

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

SCOTT.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."

He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove:
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such

That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me !"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

LORD TENNYSON.

WINSTANLEY

Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk,
With it I fill my lay,
And a nobler man ne'er walk'd the world,
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship *Snowdrop* tarried long,
Up at the vane look'd he;
"Belike," he said, for the wind had dropp'd,
"She lieth becalm'd at sea."

The lovely ladies flock'd within,
And still would each one say,
"Good mercer, be the ships come up ?"
But still he answered "Nay".

Then stepp'd two mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear:
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer !

"For the good ship *Snowdrop* struck—she struck
On the rock—the Eddystone,
And down she went with threescore men
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep, with freight and crew,
Past any help she lies,
And never a bale has come to shore
Of all thy merchandise."

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind,
O mariners bold and true,
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
A-thinking of yours and you."

The *Snowdrop* sank at Lammas-tide,
All under the yeasty spray;
On Christmas Eve the brig *Content*
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised the roast
The round-faced Aldermen,—

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,
How the wave wash'd in his sailor lads,
And laid them side by side.

There stepp'd a stranger to the board:
"Now, stranger, who be ye ?"
He look'd to right, he look'd to left,
And "Rest you merry," quoth he;

"For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown;
For you did not see the white wave rear
At the rock—the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with sternsails set;
Crash went the masts in twain;
She stagger'd back with her mortal blow,
Then leap'd at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and strong,
The misty moon look'd out !
And the water swarmed with seamen's heads,
And the wreck was strew'd about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea
As I clung to the rock alone ;
Then she heeled over, and down she went,
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one !
For nought could bide the shock."
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,
"And see this deadly rock."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow,
And he looked around on shore and sound
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Rear'd and fell over, and rear'd again:
"'Tis the rock ! the rock !" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way,
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three,—

"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old Mayor said,
"That on the rock complain."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern tower
On this rock o' destiny."

The old Mayor laugh'd, but sigh'd also;
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot."

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he set his manly foot
On the rock—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And work'd with power and might:
Whatever the man rear'd up by day
The sea broke down by night.

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till all that year ran out.

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sail'd he on a glassy sea,
He sail'd from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do;
They show'd in the fog like ghosts full faint—
A ghostly craft and crew.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en:
"As I am a man," the captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea, in the fog and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant show'd,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee:
What manner of creatures may be those
That build upon the sea ?"

Then sigh'd the folk, "The Lord be praised !"
And they flock'd to the shore amain;
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in rain.

It ceased, and the red sun rear'd his head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo ! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea !

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Look'd out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain,
And tho' I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light would shine again."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renown'd,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm broke,
And wrecks came plunging in;
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, grey dawn,
Broke on the trembling town,
And men look'd south to the harbour mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drown'd its light,
Set, with his pilot star.

JEAN INGELOW.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'.
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean !

SCOTT.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet !
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was *not* that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

MOORE.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight;

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden

Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphant chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields or waves or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poets were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

SHELLEY.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

I.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marches dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry

Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

II.

On Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.

III

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,

Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once, before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd."—
"Aye!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd.
These men will die, or win the field."—
—"Then prove we if they die or win
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

IV.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,

Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey goose wing[1]
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce—
"Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"

V.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archer ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,

No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight,
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide,—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

VI.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!

Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud, from the mass confused, the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

VII.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war.
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

VIII.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave!

IX.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet, nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,

And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard
"My merry-men, fight on!"

X.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy:—
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

XI.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,

Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view,
To hem the Islesmen round:
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XII.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;—
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms! to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XIII.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe.
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again.

Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!—
Once more, my Liege, farewell!"

XIV.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
"My course is run, the goal is near;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry—
"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breastplate's looosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay

Hath turn'd him on the ground.
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XV.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear;
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—
"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XVI.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp

Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—
"And, O farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said!"

XVII.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the Leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove—
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

The Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies before,—
"Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture o'er?
For not alone the river's sweep might make a brave man quail;
The foe are on the further side, their shot comes fast as hail.
God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win;
Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?"
"The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-shore lies wide;
Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the further side.
See there! amidst the willow-boughs the serried bayonets gleam;
They've flung their bridge,—they've won the isle; the foe have cross'd the stream!
Their volley flashes sharp and strong,—by all the saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born could force that passage now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal with him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross the wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank far stretch'd the German line.

Hard by there stood a swarthy man, was leaning on his sword,
And a sadden'd smile lit up his face as he heard the Captain's word.
"Ive seen a wilder stream ere now than that which rushes there;
I've stemm'd a heavier torrent yet and never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong and true ?
There may be danger in the deed, but there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turn'd, and hastily he said,
"Hath bold Dugueselin's fiery heart awaken'd from the dead ?
Thou art the leader of the Scots,—now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne'er yet ran cold nor slow;
And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal may:
If honour is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day,—
The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the adventurous way,
And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to see,—
Now ask thy gallant company if they will follow thee !"

Right gladsome look'd the Captain then, and nothing did he say,

But he turn'd him to his little band, O, few, I ween, were they !
The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company but bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood in Scotland's fields of fame.
All they had march'd with great Dundee to where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife had venged their leader well;
And they had bent the knee to earth, when every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse they sang the funeral hymn;
And they had trod the Pass once more, and stoop'd on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot where he had dropp'd and died;
And they had bound it next their hearts, and ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky, where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind, and may not turn again.

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe,—
Yon island-strength is guarded well,—say, brothers, will ye go ?
From home and kin for many a year our steps have wander'd wide,

And never may our bones be laid our fathers' graves beside.
No children have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew within the northern air.
Come, brothers ! let me name a spell shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free through pulse and heart and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years,—be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we've cross'd before.

Rise, hill and glen ! rise, crag and wood ! rise up on either hand,—
Again upon the Garry's banks, on Scottish soil we stand !
Again I see the tartans wave, again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call: 'Upon them for the King !'
Stay'd we behind that glorious day for roaring flood or linn ?
The soul of Græme is with us still,—now, brothers, will ye in ?"
No stay,—no pause. With one accord, they grasp'd each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood, that bold and dauntless band.

High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell, and shot, and cannon-roar,—
"Now, by the Holy Cross ! I swear, since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed essay'd by mortal man !"

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster flash'd the flame:
The water plash'd in hissing jets as ball and bullet came.
Yet onward push'd the Cavaliers all stern and undismay'd,
With thousand armèd foes before, and none behind to aid.
Once, as they near'd the middle stream, so strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before :
"The current's strong,—the way is long,—they'll never reach the shore !
See, see ! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line !
Fire on the madmen ! break their ranks, and whelm them in the Rhine !"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying when the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury down the gorges of the hill ?

How they toss their mighty branches, struggling
with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving
firmly to the rock ?
Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against
the river;
Though the water flashed around them, not an eye
was seen to quiver;

Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man
relaxed his hold;
For their hearts were big and thrilling with the
mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoken among them and through
the ranks it spread,—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse !" was all the
Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a
while,
Until they clear'd the heavy stream, then rush'd
toward the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German
arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where armed
foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field so stern a charge
before,
And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's
broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep
incline,
That rises o'er the parent springs of rough and rapid
Rhine,—

Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven, than
came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it,
sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press,—they meet the
deadly brand !

O lonely island of the Rhine,—Where seed was never
sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong
reapers thrown ?
What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling
through the rain,
She pour'd a wan and fitful light on marsh, and
stream, and plain ?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets
glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and
batter'd mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its
quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots
were there.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath, for those
who fought so well ?
And did they honour those who liv'd, and weep for
those who fell ?
What meed of thanks was given to them let agèd
annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath,—why
crown the cup with wine ?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd so freely
on the Rhine,—

A stranger band of beggar'd men had done the venturous deed;
The glory was to France alone, the danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks from foreign prince and peer ?
What virtue had such honey'd words the exiled heart to cheer ?
What matter'd it that men should vaunt, and loud and fondly swear
That higher feat of chivalry was never wrought elsewhere ?
They bore within their breast the grief that fame can never heal,—
The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might see again,—
For Scotland's high and heather'd hills, for mountains, loch and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would gladly be !
Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's tempestuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with their blood:
And, though the legend does not live,—for legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the spot

Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that
deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.

AYTOUN

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

MRS. HEMANS

CHEVY-CHACE

THE HUNTING

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deere;
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

* * *

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O, cease your sports," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bows with speede;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare."

THE CHALLENGE

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he;
Who sayd, "We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee;

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-bravèd bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I a squier alone:

"Ile do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand."

THE BATTLE

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew,
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;

Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their speares to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground,

And, throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasped their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there!

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee
By James our Scottish king:

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorne;
I will not yielde to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

"O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Without or dread or feare;
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine!
An English archer then perceived
The noble Erle was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his heart's bloode was wet.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

THE SLAIN

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barón;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foote wold never flee;

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's sonne was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved he could not be;

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:

Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle;

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

THE TIDINGS

The newse was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

"O heavy newes," King James did say,
"Scotland may witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as he."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace:

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percye.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

LANGLEY LANE

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane, in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens, where bachelors'-buttons grow,

Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's-touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets, and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash, or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one, close at my side, perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,

Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever Lord God should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray: Just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear;
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain;
And Fanny, my little one, always near;
And though I am weak, and cannot live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see ?

—ROBERT BUCHANAN

(By arrangement with the publishers, Chatto & Windus, London.)

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night;
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry !

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens !—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

THOMAS CAMPBELL

NOTES FOR PART I.

HUNTING SONG.

Published in the continuation of Strutt's Curious Romances called "Queenhoo Hall," 1808.

2. **on the mountain.** Dawn is visible on the mountain but not in the valley.

4. **hawk.** The hawk was hooded and released when the victim came in sight.

5. **in their couples.** Hounds were leashed together in pairs.

12. **diamonds on the brake.** Dewdrops on the fern.

28. **run a course.** Youth will not always last.

29. **baulk.** Avoid.

31. **Think of this.** Enjoy the hunt while it is possible to do so.

TUBAL CAIN.

See Genesis IV, 22. Tubal Cain is referred to as "an instructor in every artifice in brass and iron."

14. **wrought.** Plied his trade.

16. **crown of his desire.** His dearest wish.

32. **lust for carnage.** Mad craving for bloodshed.

52. **Willing lands.** Why "willing"?

60. **not forget the sword.** Will use the sword when necessary.

THE THREE KINGS.

59. Paraclete. The Comforter or Intercessor—a title of the Holy Spirit.

68. **Herod the Great.** King of Judaea from 37 B.C. to his death in 4 B.C. Ordered "the massacre of the Innocents."

KING OSWALD'S FEAST.

Oswald, King of Northumbria, was born about 605. He was forced to flee to Iona. Here he was converted to Christianity and baptized. In 642 he was defeated by the King of Mercia and slain. The incident contained in the poem is from Bede, the early historian.

2. **kirk.** Church.

11. **mead.** A liquor made from honey.

15. **plaints.** Complaints.

51. **travail.** Suffer.

LADY CLARE.

This ballad first appeared in the Volume of 1842 and was partly suggested by Susan Ferrier's novel "Inheritance," the heroine of which is a "Miss St. Clair."

5. **trow.** Believe, or think.

34. **for your life.** As you value your life.

46. **unto his right.** To what he is entitled by law.

57. **russet.** Reddish-brown, coarse.

60 **single rose.** Her only ornament.

76. **hard to read.** Difficult to interpret.

ROSABELLE.

This ballad is from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and is supposed to be sung by a bard of the Saint Clairs' a noble family who had their seat at Roslin, not far from Edinburgh.

7. **Castle Ravensheuch.** For a long time the main residence of the barons of Roslin. It is on a steep crag on the Firth of Forth.

10. **inch.** Celtic word for "island."

21. **the ring.** Reference to a pastime of the feudal period by which horsemen proved their skill by carrying off on the point of a lance a ring suspended from a beam.

26. **a wondrous blaze.** A tradition that this phenomenon occurred on the eve of the death of any member of the Roslin family.

31-32. **Dryden and Hawthornden.** Two residences near Roslin. Beneath the latter are caves supposed to have been hollowed as places of refuge.

38. **altar's pale.** The enclosure of the altar.

41. **Pinnet.** Pinnacle.

46. **chapelle.** Roslin chapel. Founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Lord of Roslin. The Lords of Roslin were formerly buried beneath this chapel in full armour.

WINSTANLEY.

The Eddystone Lighthouse is in the English Channel, a few miles from Plymouth breakwater. The first lighthouse which was constructed of wood on a stone base, was completed in 1700, and swept away by a storm three years later. The designer, Winstanley, perished with his edifice.

29. **Lammas-tide.** Festival of the wheat harvest (loaf-mass). Its name was in allusion to the custom that each worshipper

should present in the church a loaf made of the new wheat as an offering of the first-fruits.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN, 1816.

The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

4. **sall.** Shall.

7. **aye.** Always

loot. Let.

19. **managed.** Trained.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

The poem is one of Moore's Irish Melodies published at intervals between 1808 and 1834.

6. **crystal.** Sparkling water.

green. Refers to the appearance of the banks.

13. **Vale.** The valley formed by the two rivers, the *Avonmore* and the *Avonberg*. The literal meaning of "Avoca" is "the meeting of the waters."

TO A SKYLARK.

The skylark is common in England. It makes its nest on the ground but when singing oftentimes rises beyond the point of vision.

12. **sunken sun.** The sun has not yet risen.

15. **unbodied joy.** The lark is so high in the air that it does not appear to be a bird.

lines 22-25. After the bird has vanished from sight the "arrows" of song show us that it is still there.

lines 36-37. The poet is absorbed in his own fancies and therefore in a sense "hidden" from the rest of the world.

47. **dell of dew.** A little dewy hollow.

49. **aerial hue.** The glowworm is said to emit a bluish light.

55. **heavy-wingèd thieves.** The winds heavy with perfume.

56. **vernal.** Referring to the spring.

57. **twinkling.** Sparkling with the rain upon the leaves.

66. **Chorus hymeneal.** A marriage song.

lines 82-85. Perhaps the skylark knows the significance of death and is joyful in this knowledge.

lines 91-95. Even without sadness we cannot feel as keen a joy as the song of the bird expresses.

103. **harmonious madness.** The poet's rapture would find expression in an ecstasy of song.

THE BUILDERS.

The figure seems to be that of a great edifice (Time) within which we are building stairways (our lives) which enable us to rise to higher levels.

lines 35-36. We gain a broader outlook on life.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

The incident took place during the campaign in Alsace in 1697. The Scottish company commanded by Captain John

Foster was composed of Lowland gentlemen who left Scotland after the death of Dundee at Killiecrankie.

9. **serried.** Crowded.

13. **mareschal.** An officer of the highest rank in the French army.

24. **Duguesclin.** A noted French commander who distinguished himself during the French-English wars of the 14th century.

37. **Dundee.** John Graham of Claverhouse, mortally wounded at the battle of Killiecrankie.

41. **Pass.** The Pass of Killiecrankie.

60. **Garry.** A small river in Scotland.

61. **tartan.** The Scottish plaid.

63. **linn.** A waterfall.

96. **claymore.** A heavy broadsword.

110. **laurel-wreath.** The wreath of laurel was a mark of honour.

CHEVY CHACE.

There is no record to show whether the main incident of the story is historical or not; and the reader need not give this point much thought. It is of little use to try to fit the detail of the story into the actual history of the period. It is a stirring story of stirring times. "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet." There are several versions of this ballad.

26. **fallow deere.** A European species of deer, so called from its brownish-bay (fallow) colour.

41. **quarry.** A heap of slaughtered game.

53. **Tivydale.** Teviotdale, the country watered by the river Teviot which flows into the Tweed.

54. **Twede.** A river which separates Northumberland in England from Roxburghshire in Scotland.

62. **my hap.** My fortune.

75. **list.** Wish, please.

79. **solempne.** Solemn.

81. **outbravèd.** Defied.

96. **Henry.** Henry VI (1422-1461).

97. **ere.** Ever.

109. **the bent.** The field. A "bent" is a field covered with bent-grass, a stiff wiry grass.

114. **ware.** Watchful, wary.

line 117. Douglas now tried to drive the English before him as a hunter drives the deer.

118. **bade on the bent.** Remained on the field.

119. **mickle might.** Great strength.

125. **strait.** Straightway, at once.

139. **wode.** Mad.

lode. Fiercely.

148. **James.** James I of Scotland (1394-1437).

171. **redoubted.** Valiant, redoubtable.

172. **cold.** Could.

188. **cloth-yard.** An old measure for cloth, twenty-seven inches in length.

198. **So right.** With such true aim.

203. **the evening bell.** Either the curfew bell, or the bell for evening prayer.

205. **stout.** Brave.

line 212. Who excelled in skill and courage.

213. **wayle.** Bewail, lament.

line 214. As one who laments, who is sad at heart.

240. **clad in clay.** Buried.

241. **Eddenborrow.** Edinburgh.

line 254. Since there is no help for it.

262. **Humbledowne.** Homildon Hill, near Wooler, in Northumberland. The date of the battle was 1402.

270. **debate.** Quarrel.

HOHENLINDEN.

Hohenlinden means *tall lindens*, and is the name of a dense forest in Bavaria. The battle was fought in a blinding snowstorm between the French and Austrians, near Hohenlinden, a village a few miles east of Munich.

1. **Linden.** An abbreviation for Hohenlinden. The village is situated between the rivers Iser and Inn.

7. **Fires of death.** Flashes of artillery.

17. **Redder yet.** The waters of the Iser were said to be red with blood.

23. **Frank.** The French.

Hun. The Austrians.

24. **sulphurous canopy.** Smoke of the guns.

28. **chivalry.** Has here its primary meaning of "cavalry."

PART II.

PART II

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot;

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,

And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

—LORD TENNYSON

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr
That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;

The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye lears loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lee.

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, mastèr,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam' hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

—OLD BALLAD

KING HACON'S LAST BATTLE

All was over; day was ending
As the foemen turned and fled.
Gloomy red
Glowed the angry sun descending;
While round Hacon's dying bed
Tears and songs of triumph blending
Told how fast the conqueror bled.

"Raise me," said the king. We raised him—
Not to ease his desperate pain;
That were vain!
"Strong our foe was, but we faced him—
Show me that red field again."
Then with reverent hands we placed him
High above the battle plain.

Sudden, on our startled hearing,
Came the low-breathed, stern command—
"Lo! ye stand ?
Linger not—the night is nearing;
Bear me downwards to the strand,
Where my ships are idly steering
Off and on, in sight of land."

Every whispered word obeying,
Swift we bore him down the steep,
O'er the deep,
Up the tall ship's side, low swaying
To the storm-wind's powerful sweep,
And his dead companions laying
Round him—we had time to weep.

But the king said, "Peace! bring hither
Spoil and weapons, battle-strown—
Make no moan;
Leave me and my dead together;
Light my torch, and then—begone."
But we murmured, each to other,
"Can we leave him thus alone?"

Angrily the king replieth;
Flashed the awful eye again
With disdain—
"Call him not *alone* who lieth
Low amidst such noble slain;
Call him not alone who dieth
Side by side with gallant men."

Slowly, sadly we departed—
Reached again that desolate shore,
Never more
Trod by him, the brave, true-hearted,
Dying in that dark ship's core!
Sadder keel from land ne'er parted,
Nobler freight none ever bore!

There we lingered, seaward gazing,
Watching o'er that living tomb,
Through the gloom—
Gloom which awful light is chasing;
Blood-red flames the surge illume!
Lo! King Hacon's ship is blazing;
'Tis the hero's self-sought doom.

Right before the wild wind driving,
Madly plunging—stung by fire—

No help nigh her—
Lo! the ship has ceased her striving!
Mount the red flames higher, higher,
Till, on ocean's verge arriving,
Sudden sinks the viking's pyre.—
Hacon's gone!

—LORD DUFFERIN

THE NORMAN BARON

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion.
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

—LONGFELLOW

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out

From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,

With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold

That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

—LONGFELLOW

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you may say, at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite;
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then, a speck,

"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—JOAQUIN MILLER

(By arrangement with the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, publishers of Joaquin Miller's complete works.)

HERVÉ RIEL

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,—
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait,
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

—BROWNING.

By arrangement with the publishers Smith, Elder & Co., London, England.

THE ARMADA

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells;
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw
your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her
wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold:
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each south-
ern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

—MACAULAY

THE BROOK

"Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy—too late—too late:
One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were script and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorpes, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden gate. The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, 'Run'
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'
She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vext with him and her.'
How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes

Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He gave them line: and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd something more,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then, wondering, ask'd her "Are you from the farm?"
"Yes", answer'd she. "Pray stay a little: pardon me;
What do they call you?" "Katie." "That were strange.
What surname?" "Willows." "No!" "That is my name."
"Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.

Then looking at her; "Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!"

LORD TENNYSON

TO A MOUSE

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
What a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
's a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear. —BURNS

BIRDS AT EVENING

When the rooks fly homeward, and the gulls are following high,
And the grey feet of the silence with a silver dream are shod,
I mind me of the little wings abroad in every sky
Who seek their sleep of God.

When the dove is hidden, and the dew is white on the corn,
And the dark bee in the heather, and the shepherd with the sheep,
I mind me of the little wings in the elm-oak and the thorn
Who take of Him their sleep.

When the brier closes and the iris-flower is furled,
And over the edge of the evening the martin knows her nest,
I mind me of the little hearts abroad in all the world
Who find in Him their rest.

—MARJORIE PICKTHALL

By permission of the publishers McClelland and Stewart, Limited

---

GUILD'S SIGNAL

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
  Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
    "To my trust true,
    So love to you!
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
  Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
    "Nothing amiss—
    Nothing!—it is
  Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
  Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
    Sang as it flew:
    "To our trust true,
  First of all, duty. Good night!" it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
  And the folk in Providence smiled and said
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
    One only knew,
    To his trust true,
  Guild lay under his engine dead. —BRET HARTE

By permission of the publishers Chatto & Wendus, London.

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

—KINGSLEY

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN

I

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

II

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

III

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

IV

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's; fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

V

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish ring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head:
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

VI

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—

"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She———died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him to delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

VII

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.

Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale.
And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

VIII

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O Lady," cried the Monk "away!"
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare

IX

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,

Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
  Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
  The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight:
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
  As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
  While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,

Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

—SCOTT

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE

I.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear!
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,

As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,

And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Graemes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James.
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!

Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.

From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armèd men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,

When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior,
Reck not of the after-time!
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,

Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

—AYTOUN

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade–
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

—BYRON

RIDING WITH ALLENBY

As I dream, it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

On a day, in the time long gone,
I rode into the heart of the dawn
Out of Gaza. My desert steed,
Son of a sire of the Nedjid breed,
Took the breath of the morning sun
With never a pause, till we had won
O'er rocky sweep, and o'er sandy swell
To the river House of Gabriel.
Then, ere the shut of the eve, we came
Where the last red streamers lit with flame
The mosque of Hebron set in the vale,
With its towering minarets, and its tale
Of Isaac's and of Abraham's tombs.
Where only the Faithful in the glooms

May bow, while faintly the cressets flare,
And the swart muezzin calls to prayer.
Thence on to Bethlehem we sped,
With the dome of Allah overhead,
And never a sign of a cloud in view
To blur the breath of its gold and blue.

So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

Then Jerusalem, and the hill
Of Golgotha, and the sacred still
Church of the Holy Sepulchre;
The Vale of the Mount, and the ceaseless stir
Of pilgrim feet, where the Christ once strayed
Under the cruel Cross down-weighed!
I rode by Jenin, with its palms
Clear cut against the noonday calms;
I rode by Nablous, I rode by Nain,
And over the wide Esdraelon plain
Up the slope to Nazareth,
Where out of the dim bazaars, the breath
Of the shaven sandalwood was blown.
I skirted the snow-clad mountain zone
Of Hermon, and saw the morning star
Silver the roofs of Kerf Hawar.
And then I looked on the lovely loom
Of orange, pomegranate and citron bloom—
(A bower that to the Prophet's eyes
Was a prescience of Paradise);
And came to Damascus by the gate
That leads to the ancient Street called Straight.

So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

Never again the Turkish blight
On all this land of lure and light!
Never again the brutal ban
From far Beersheba unto Dan!
Rather the beam of His promised Peace
In this home of holy memories!
His Peace for all men under the sun
From Nebo north to Lebanon;
His Peace through the hand that set them free!—

I have ridden with Allenby!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

(*By permission of the Author and the publisher Jas. T. White & Co., New York*)

KITCHENER

No man in England slept, the night he died:
The harsh, stern spirit passed without a pang,
And free of mortal clogs his message rang.
In every wakeful mind the challenge cried:
Think not of me: one servant less or more
Means nothing now: hold fast the greater thing—
Strike hard, love truth, serve England and the King!

Servant of England, soldier to the core,
What does it matter where his body fall?
What does it matter where they build the tomb?
Five million men, from Calais to Khartoum,
These are his wreath and his memorial.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(*By permission of "Life," New York*)

RELIEVING GUARD

Came the relief: "What, sentry, ho!
  How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may befit
  The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? No sound?"—"No; nothing save
  The plover from the marshes calling;
And in yon western sky, about
  An hour ago a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
  "No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
  Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

—BRET HARTE

(By arrangement with the publishers, Chatto & Windus, London.)

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
  All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
  That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
  All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man
  As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
  In scarlet fine and gay,
And he did frisk it over the plain,
  And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
At every step he fetched a sigh—
"Alack, and well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Much, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow
When he did see them come.

"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin ask'd him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me? "

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's bride,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come, tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allan-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book,
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint or lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allan should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here," the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me?"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north countree."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop then said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that there came in a wealthy knight,
Who was both grave and old,
And after him a handsome lass,
Did shine like the glittering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
Then four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Come leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allan-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allan, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin he said,
"This coat doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives this maid?" then said Little John;
Quoth Robin, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride she looked like a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

—OLD BALLAD

BRUCE AND De BOUNE

I

In advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine

Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

II

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that Monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"
"So please my liege," said Argentine,

"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle-day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"—
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

III

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear,
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,

Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

—SCOTT

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake's drum is beating along the coasts of Devon:
"Mariners, O Mariners, who warred so well with Spain,
Lo, the foe is here once more! Leave the ports of Heaven,
Haste across the jasper sea, and drive them home again."

All the streets of Paradise echo to its rattle—.
Golden roads a-tremble to the chime of tramping feet;
Hawkins, Drake and Frobisher are marching forth to battle:
"Peter, open wide the gates. We're out to join the fleet."

Pinnace, caravel, caracque—many a galleon drifting—
Shadowy sails of old renown upon the shadowy sea;
Ghostly voices through the mists; "Lo, the white cliffs lifting;
Heaven's streets for those who will, but Devon's shores for me."

Drake's drum is beating along the coasts of Devon,
  Calling, as in days of old it called to vanquish
    Spain;
Drake and Blake and Raleigh, they have left the
    ports of Heaven,
  Homing back across the stars to England's cliffs
    again.

—NORAH M. HOLLAND

(By permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent & Sons, London.)

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
  To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
  And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
  Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
  Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
  When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

—CAMPBELL

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—

Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.

I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purple over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—WHITTIER

HART-LEAP WELL

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse"—That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best steed, a comely grey;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
  Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
  And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
  His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
  The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
  (Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
  And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
  Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast
  Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
  Such sight was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
  Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
  And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
  A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
  A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same,
  From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP
    WELL.

"And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And, in the summer-time when days are long,
I will come hither with my Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,

Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide:
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels." 180

—WORDSWORTH

GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain; 10
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the *morning* calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the *night*,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray.
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—HOLLAND

NOTES FOR PART II.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

This poem was first published in 1832 and is the first work which Tennyson based upon Arthurian legends. For a different treatment of the same story, read "Lancelot and Elaine."

3. **wold.** An open tract of rolling country.

3. **meet the sky.** Explain the suggestiveness of this phrase.

5. **Camelot.** The legendary capital of Arthur's domains.

9. **Shalott.** In the **Idylls of the King,** "Astolat" is used.

10. **willows whiten.** Leaves turned by the wind and exposing the lighter side.

11. **dusk.** The smooth surface is broken and becomes darkened.

56. **pad.** An easy-paced horse.

64. **still.** Always, ever.

76. **greaves.** Ancient armour to protect the legs.

82. **free.** Held with a slack hand.

84. **Galaxy.** The Milky Way.

98. **bearded meteor.** Refers to the "tail" of the meteor.

101. **hooves.** An old form of the plural.

105. The mirror reflects Lancelot on the bank and his image in the water.

110. **three paces.** **Three** is one of the mystic numbers.

118-120. The season and the weather harmonise with the story.

128. **bold seer.** One daring enough to look upon his own future.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

It would be difficult to prove that this ballad is based upon some historical fact.

1. **Dunfermline.** An abbey and palace in Fifeshire.

3. **skeely.** Skilful.

41. **white monie.** Silver.

42. **gane.** Would suffice.

43. **half-fou.** The eighth part of a peck.

50. **the auld moon.** The dark part of the moon the rim of which is sometimes visible. It was regarded as an omen of bad weather.

55. **lift.** Sky.

56. **gurly.** Dark and threatening.

57. **lap.** Leaped, i.e., sprang or snapped.

69. **laith.** Loth.

72. **aboon.** Above.

74. **twine.** Thread, that is, canvas.

75. **wap.** Wrap tightly.

86. **flattered.** Fluttered, or rather, floated.

98. **goud kaims.** Gold combs.

101. **half-owre.** Half way over. Aberdour, a small town on the Firth of Forth.

KING HACON'S LAST BATTLE.

Hacon, or Haco the Fifth (1204-1263) was King of Norway. He added Iceland and Greenland to his kingdom. In 1263 a dispute with the Scottish king concerning the Hebrides induced him to undertake an expedition to the west coast of Scotland. A division of his army seems to have repulsed a large Scottish force at Largs. Later Scottish accounts, however, claim a victory.

THE NORMAN BARON.

9. **Doomsday Book.** Domesday Book, the record of the great survey of England executed for William the Conqueror. The original is preserved in the museum of the Public Record Office, London.

11. **pater-noster.** "Our Father," the first two words of the Lord's Prayer in Latin.

12. **missal.** The book containing the service for the celebration of mass throughout the year.

16. **kloster.** Cloister—a covered walk generally following the walls of buildings enclosing a quadrangle, as in a monastery or college; the monastery or convent.

18. **wassail.** From the old English "waes hâl"—a merry drinking meeting.

20. **waits.** Street carol-singers.

40. **Miserere, Domine.** "Have mercy, O Lord!"

50. **manor.** The landed estate of a lord or nobleman .

HERVÉ RIEL.

This poem was first published in 1871. The incident it relates was at first denied in France, but the records of the Admiralty of the time proved that Browning was correct, except in one small detail: the reward Hervé Riel asked for and received was a holiday for the rest of his life.

1. **The Hogue.** Cape la Hogue, where the French fleet was attacked in 1692 by the English and Dutch, and forced to retire. The expedition aimed at the restoration of James II, who watched the defeat from the Norman coast.

44. **Croisickese.** Natives of Croisic, a little fishing village of Brittany.

46. **Malouins.** Natives of St. Malo.

49. **Grève.** The bank of sand where the river discharges into the sea.

49. **disembogues.** Enters the sea.

53. **Solidor.** The fort defending the bay.

135. **The Louvre.** A famous palace at Paris now used as an art museum.

COLUMBUS.

Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1492. "He sailed west-southwest. Here the crew could stand it no longer. They complained of the long voyage, but the Admiral encouraged them as best he could, giving them hopes of the profits they might have. And he added that it was useless to murmur, because he had come in quest of the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help." (*Extract from the Columbus Journal.*)

33. **he kept his deck.** Columbus watched all night and was the first to see the light.

37. **a starlit flag.** Part of the land became the United States with its stars and stripes.

38. **Time's burst of dawn.** A new era in the world's history.

THE ARMADA.

7. **Aurigny's Isle.** Alderney.

18. **Her Grace.** Queen Elizabeth.

21. **Lion of the sea.** The English Royal Standard had three lions on it.

22. **the gay lilies.** The fleurs-de-lis of France were quartered on the Royal Standard of England.

23. **Picard field.** Creçy, in Picardy.

24. **Caesar's eagle shield.** The eagle was the device of the emperors, who claimed to be the successors of the Roman Caesars. The Emperor Charles IV (not yet Emperor) fought for the French at Creçy.

30. **Semper Eadem.** The royal banner. The motto *Semper Eadem*—"always the same" was used by Queen Elizabeth.

69. **fane.** Cathedral.

73. **Gaunt's embattled pile.** The castle of Lancaster.

TO A MOUSE.

4. **bickering brattle.** Hurrying scamper.

6. **pattle.** A small spade.

15. **daimen-icker in a thrave.** "An occasional ear of corn in a bundle of sheaves." Strictly, a thrave or threave consists of 24 or 28 sheaves, each measuring 30 inches round.

17. **the lave.** What is left.

21. **to big.** To build.

22. **foggage.** Moss.

24. **snell.** Biting.

29. **coulter.** The iron blade in front of the ploughshare.

34. **but.** Without.

34. **hald.** Abiding-place.

35. **thole.** Endure.

36. **Cranreuch.** Hoar-frost.

37. **thy lane.** Alone.

49. **gang aft a-gley.** Go often awry.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

An extract from the sixth canto of Scott's "Marmion."

5. **pennon.** A small pointed or swallow-tailed flag borne upon a lance.

31. **targe.** Shield.

40. **slogan.** A battle or rallying-cry, originally of the Highland clans.

110. **Dacre.** Lord Dacre had charge of the light cavalry.

121. **varlets.** The first of the grades of chivalry; later, a body-servant or attendant.

161. **shrieve.** To receive the confession of and give absolution to.

205. The reference is to the passing of the sand in the hour-glass.

224. **their King.** James IV.

229. **Fontarabian.** A fortress on the Spanish border.

230. **King Charles.** Charlemagne.

232. **paladin.** Any one of the twelve peers of Charlemagne; hence, the flower of knighthood.

253. **shafts.** Barbed arrows; to distinguish from *bolts* which were blunt-headed arrows.

260. **bill-men.** The bill was an ancient weapon consisting of a hook-shaped blade on a staff; a halberd.

267. **serried.** Compacted in rows, as of soldiers.

267. **phalanx.** A solidly arrayed line of battle.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

John, Viscount Dundee, and Lord Graham of Claverhouse (1649-1689). After the flight of James II to France, Dundee organised a rising in the Highlands, which resulted in his death at Killiecrankie (July 17, 1689).

2. **pibroch.** A wild irregular kind of martial music played on the bagpipes.

13. **The valiant Douglas.** Refer to "The Heart of the Bruce," Canadian Readers, Book V.

54. **The Pass.** The Pass of Killiecrankie in Perthshire.

56. broom. A shrub of the bean family, with stiff green branches and usually yellow flowers.

57. **tartan.** A Scotch plaid, each Highland clan having its distinctive pattern of tartan.

58. **bonnets.** In Scotland, a man's woollen cap; the bonnet of the Highlanders.

72. **Montrose.** James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), Scotch Royalist General, known as the "Great Marquis" and supporter of the Royalist side in the Civil War; defeated at Invercharron.

80. **King James.** James II.

83. **Whom butchers murdered.** Archbishop Sharp, Primate of Scotland, was murdered on Magus Muir near St. Andrews in 1679. A monument erected by Dean Stanley marks the spot.

91. **Covenanting.** Adherence to the Presbyterian form of worship and loyalty to the throne were points in the National Covenant of Scotland.

93. **traitors.** In 1685 on the accession of James II, adherence to the Covenant was declared to be treason.

94. **Forth.** The Firth of Forth, an arm of the sea on the East coast of Scotland.

95. **convention.** The meeting, in 1689, of the Lords and Commons to transfer the succession of the crown and kingdom from the House of Stuart to William and Mary.

109. **Breadalbane.** John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane, at first sided with Dundee, but after the battle of Killiecrankie he took the oath of allegiance to William III.

121. **bracken.** The brake or other large fern of temperate regions.

140. **Lochiel.** Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, knighted by Charles II, fought with Dundee at Killiecrankie.

146. **Yule.** Christmas time.

148. **Garry.** A river in Perthshire, Scotland.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

This lyric is from Canto the Third of *Don Juan*, one of Byron's longer poems. It is supposed to be sung at a banquet by a poet of great fame. Byron makes the poet sing a song that sprang from his own heart. At the time these lines were written Greece was struggling to free herself from Turkish tyranny. Byron devoted his energies to the cause of Greek independence. Three years afterwards he died at Missolonghi, in Greece.

2. **Sappho.** A famous lyric poetess of Ancient Greece. Only fragments of her poetry remain.

4. **Delos.** An island in the Ægean Sea, supposed to have risen from the sea.

7. **Scian and Teian.** Homer and Anacreon. Scio or Chios was one of the many places claimed as the birthplace of Homer. Teos was the home of Anacreon.

12. **Islands of the Blest.** The Greek paradise, localised in the waters of the Western (Atlantic) Ocean. Later identified with the Cape Verde or the Canary Islands.

13. **Marathon.** A village on the east coast of Attica, memorable as the scene of the defeat of the Persians by the Greeks in 490 B.C.

19. **A King sate.** Xerxes, the Persian, who saw the overthrow of his great force at Salamis.

20. **Salamis.** A village on the east coast of Attica, noted for the great naval battle fought there between the Greeks and Persians, when the Persians were completely defeated.

41. **the three hundred.** The Spartan force at the Pass of Thermopylæ was but three hundred men, all of whom perished at their post.

50. **Samian wine.** From the island of Samos.

54. **Bacchanal.** Drinker, from Bacchus, or Dionysus, the Wine-God.

55. **Pyrrhic dance.** An imitation of the motions of a combatant. Said to be named after its inventor, Pyrrhicus.

59. **Cadmus.** The Phoenician, credited in the legends with the founding of Thebes, and the bringing of the alphabet to Greece.

64. **Polycrates.** Tyrant of Samos; died 522 B.C.

65. **our countrymen.** Now they are Turks.

67. **The tyrant.** Miltiades, the commander whose genius led the Greek troops to victory at Marathon, had been ruler or tyrant of the Chersonesus in Asia Minor.

74. **Suli . . . Parga.** A stronghold and a harbour in Albania.

80. **a king.** King Louis XVIII.

91. **Sunium.** Cape Colonna, the most southerly point of Attica. Columns of white marble, the ruins of a temple, are still standing.

94. **swan-like.** Reference to the fable that the swan sings before dying.

RIDING WITH ALLENBY.

13. **Mosque.** A Mohammedan temple of worship.

14. **minarets.** A tall, slender tower connected with a mosque, usually surrounded by balconies from which the muezzin summons the people to prayer.

17. **cressets.** An incombustible frame, or vessel, mounted or suspended to hold burning wood, oil, etc., and serving as a torch or beacon.

18. **swart.** Of a dark hue; swarthy.

19. **muezzin.** A public crier, in Mohammedan countries.

44. **prescience.** Foreknowledge; far-sightedness.

51. **ban.** Curse.

BRUCE AND DE BOUNE.

This extract is taken from the sixth canto of Scott's "Lord of the Isles." The encounter described took place as the English and Scotch armies were marshalling their ranks for the Battle of Bannockburn.

3. **monarch.** King, that is, Robert Bruce.

3. **van.** Vanguard; the front rank of an army on the march.

9. **wight.** Full of prowess and bravery.

11. **palfrey.** A saddle-horse as distinguished from a war-horse.

12. **diadem.** Crown.

13. **basinet.** A small, close-fitting helmet, like a basin.

16. **truncheon.** The baton of a military officer or marshal.

19. **accoutred.** Equipped; dressed.

28. **bill.** An ancient weapon consisting of a hook-shaped blade on a staff; a halberd.

35. **selle.** Saddle; seat.

51. **nice.** Scrupulous; delicate. In this case, to be too particular about the rules governing tournaments.

54. **King Edward.** Edward II.

85. **corse.** Corpse.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The scene of the tragedy is the west coast of Scotland. Ulva is an islet on the outer coast of Mull, from which it is separated on the south by an arm of the sea about two miles wide.

3. **a silver pound.** The pound sterling was originally the weight of one pound of silver.

17. **wight.** Person, fellow.

HART-LEAP WELL.

3. **vassal.** A feudal tenant; a dependent, retainer, or servant.

39. **yeaned.** Brought forth.

61. **cunning.** Skilful.

70. **Paramour.** Lover.

87. **sylvan.** Rustic, rural.

136. **dolorous.** As if in pain; sorrowful.

GRADATIM.

Gradatim. A step at a time.

2. **ladder.** Reference to Jacob's ladder.